THE OBSERVER.

BY BEATRICE IRONSIDE.

THE FRIEND OF SOCRATES, THE FRIEND OF PLATO,
BUT ABOVE ALL, THE FRIEND OF TRUTH.

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For the Observer.

OBSERVATIONS ON THEORY.

"Nihil tam absurdum, quod non dictum sit ab
Aliquo Philosophorum."*.....Cic.*

The importance and utility of a knowledge of nature and her laws, all are ready to admit. But how frequently do we find, that those who most freely assent to the truth of a proposition, are the very persons who evince most indifference in its practical use or application.

That we should be incurious to physical truths, whilst solicitous for information of very minor importance, is one of those inconsistencies, which too often characterises even distinguished personages. The derivable benefits from exploring the vast labyrinth of nature, seem apparent to all, but how few have courage enough to ascend even the threshold of physiological science. Whether this timidity (especially in the United States) results from an ill-founded idea of the magnitude of the task, or is induced by a supposition that however great the advantages may be, they are not an ample remuneration for the labour of research, is at present unnecessary to be inquired into: but certain it is, that whilst *all verbally* admit its importance, few practically sanction it.

Curiosity is certainly as natural to man, as any instinctive affection to the brute creation. We feel anxious to become acquainted with the causes of phenomena, momentarily presenting themselves, but the avocations of business, the supposed difficulty of the inquiry, or some other cause, too frequently damp our zeal, and our curiosity gradually subsides as the force of the impression occasioned by the phenomenon wears off. The melioration which the mind receives from this species of knowledge, is well calculated to wean it from narrow and confining prejudices; it amplifies the mind, and ennobles our ideas of nature and her God, inspires an abhorrence of every thing that is ignoble, satisfies our most laudable curiosities, delineates nature in her *true* and most interesting colours, and lastly, humanizes the soul, and infuses the most amiable and virtuous disposition of the heart. Is it wonderful, therefore, that philosophers

should so generally expatiate on the pleasures of retirement, where the contemplative mind enjoys, undisturbed, the sweets of study, or that they should pursue their investigations with an ardour unequalled by any other class of men ?

The many strange and whimsical theories advanced by philosophers, many of which disgrace common sense, are attributed by Rousseau, to that uneasiness which the *mind* always feels when in doubt, concerning things important to be known..." It cannot, (says this philosopher) long support such *incertitude*, but will, in spite of itself, determine *one* way or *other*, rather *deceiving* itself than content to believe *nothing* of the matter." So also, this great discrepance in their opinions, may be attributed to the pride and vanity of our nature, and the disposition which we all have of preferring our own to that of others, for the high conceived ideas of our dignity, and the expansiveness of our minds, leads us rather " to determine at random, and believe the thing which *is not*, than confess that none of us are capable of seeing the thing *that is*." So, when we have once formed a system, we become so much wedded to it, that though we are conscious of the many objections to which it is liable, yet we close our ears and judgment to them, and would frequently rather deceive the world for self-aggrandizement, than receive the opinion of others, however plausible or well founded.

In some departments of natural and scientifick knowledge, the moderns have evinced the utmost force of genius, and have adopted a legitimate and truly philosophical mode of arguing... Many of their most important physiological opinions, (which among the ancients were involved in palpable darkness) are now established as truths, they have withstood the test of even hypercritical discussion, and are now founded on the broad basis of mathematical and experimental conclusion ; whilst those (whether ancient or modern) who have given full scope to airy speculation, " or listened with credulity, to the whispers of fancy," have or will invariably find, that their fanciful conjectures dissipate by observation, reason and experiment, like the morning mists before the bright orb of day.

The ancient systems of philosophy, were, mostly, erected on the sandy foundation of hypothesis, and but seldom withstood the touchstone of experiment...The correctness of an hypothesis, only discoverable by minute discussion and *reiterated* experiment...for their defects often lie deep, and ages frequently revolve, (we retaining our erroneous impressions) till some prying, mighty genius, bursts forth and illumines the clouds which for centuries past have obscured the truth. The *exploded* doctrines of Aristotle, have been considered *inviolable*, whilst the opinions which Gallillo was compelled to *renounce*, are now established *truths*.

Philosophy has not been without her enemies. Some have

impugned her as the cause of an infinitude of mischiefs ; but, as errour is the offspring of ignorance, we consequently find, that her enemies have not been redoubtable, consisting, generally, of such as skim the surface of things, or those whom mental indolence would not permit to acquire, even a sciolous knowledge of her valuable truths. The only evils resulting from the sentiments of these pseudo-philosophers, is to the young tyro in natural knowledge, whose mind is not sufficiently matured to guard against the theorists, or the misguided endeavours of indiscriminate censurers.

Mankind have, at various periods, evinced a most servile inclination to embrace the sentiments of *others*, true or false, rather than to form opinions for themselves, or investigate the truth of such as were already advanced. The historic page, both of ancient and modern times, affords abundant examples of this. We find, that amongst ancient Ægyptians, where the profession of medicine, (as well as every other occupation) was hereditary, the *law* raised a bar to future investigations and experiments in that science, and compelled their physicians to prescribe according to the receipts and established rules laid down in the public registers...the physician who adhered to these legal prescriptions, was not responsible for the fate of his patient; but if he once followed the dictate of his own judgment, his life was the penalty in case of his death, and other punishment for the breach of the law, if the patient recovered. This was such an effectual shackle to genius, and barrier to medical inquiry, that we find the science of physick to have made but little progress among the otherwise enlightend Egyptians. Even in more modern times, it has been held the height of folly, temerity, nay, heresy, to scrutinize existing opinions, and it not unfrequently, branded the independent investigator, with the appellation of sceptic, and sometimes subjected him to the ignominy of punishment.

This credulity, the *ignis fatuus*, of science, and the offspring of mental *indolence*, *fashion*, or *compulsion*, smothered the latent flame of genius, and, for a long time, continued those doctrines, which the *liberal* and *unrestrained* mind soon condemned ; for we find that this reign of mental tyranny was not to last forever ; it was succeeded by a latitude of investigation, (perhaps equally, if not more injurious than the former) that called in question some of the most evident and valuable truisms, both sacred, political and physical. Scarce any long established doctrine escaped the scrutinizing researches of these philosophers ; all underwent the most severe ordeal of experiment, ridicule or criticism, and whilst many withstood their ground, others have been superceded by the wisest systems, as well as some derogatory to reason or common sense.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

For the Observer.

Mrs. Beatrice Ironside,

I have boiled with indignation the whole winter, and as often as my good nature stepped in to assuage my rage, some new offence, more heinous than the former, rekindled the expiring embers, and a complete overflow was caused by last nights exhition....And, madam, I entreat, nay, demand, as a positive duty, your giving the public this exposition of such detestable customs ...I am not one of your sniveling fastidious petit maîtres, that can't see a fine woman display, une taille charmante, without making her a subject of caricature or grovelling satire...My object is more daring. Nothing less than to attack a formidable phalanx, who have become notorious for that easy stile of undress, in our fashionable coteries...viz. pantaloons and boots, so prevalent last winter, and nankeen trowsers this spring. Last evening I entered an assemblage of belles, who, in facination of person and elegance of dress, might fairly vie with Calypso's enchanting nymphs...and imagine, if you can, my astonishment, at beholding most of the motley attendant group in pantaloons and silk hose...and, I am well aware, I draw largely on your credulity, when I ask you to believe, some were in footed pantaloons...Good God ! what can be the cause of this monstrous outrage of decency ? are not our dames worth the trouble of dressing for ? Ye Gods can witness what pains I would take to be accounted worthy in the eyes of the *least* among them...How can these gentry expect their mistresses to believe their protestations of respect and love, when their apparel gives the lie to the most mellifluous strains of eloquence.....can it be wondered at that strangers should be preferred to this herd of slovenly fops...Indeed, madam, I am far from recommending Parisian foppery, or the modes of Bond-street loungers: But earnestly desire, that our ladies, whom none on earth surpass in merit and beauty, should be treated with proper deference and respect.

It is not a little ludicrous, though, to hear their variety of excuses. Ask the gangling, spindle-shanked buck, why he is in pantaloons ? He tells you, " breeches shews his legs." The rotund dapper gentry assert, pantaloons have the same effect as ladies trains, giving height to their appearance. Now, perhaps, if our belles would deign to flatter both these, that they look best when habited as gentlemen, the evil would be remedied ; and, I am sure, they would not sin, by half, so unpardonably by this finesse, as those beaux I have heard most stoutly swear, that they admired, of all colours, red, green, yellow, or blue, as the ribbon in point might be...As the subject under consideration is a glaring disgrace to my sex, and reflects somewhat on the ladies, I intreat their assistance in repressing the evil, should the beaux continue obdurate, after this public admonition. The-

remedy I will chearfully submit to their superiour ingenuity; and conclude these remarks with the relation, by way of hint, of an anecdote which has a pointed bearing on the subject.

An American friend who was invited, as well as myself, to dine in Cavendish-square, called on me at 3 o'clock, to walk in the Park, as was our custom on Sunday. I observed, that as we were going to dine in the neighbourhood, I would dress before I went. He replied that he was dressed. Upon my remarking that it was rather uncustomary to dine with ladies in boots, he said he had dined in the best houses in America in them, and for his part, he thought they were good enough to dine with the Queen. My remonstrances proving fruitless, we proceeded, and when our promenade was over, we repaired to the Square. We went through the usual ceremony of having our names passed up by three or four laced footmen. My friend began to wish his boots at the devil. Mr. G. entered soon after and apologised for his detention; and upon observing my friend in boots, kindly observed, dinner might be served, for he did not intend dressing. Mrs. G. remonstrated. The gentleman was urgent...but guess my friend's mortification, when my lady positively declared, that dinner should not be served, till her lord had made his toilette—and, as is usual in such controversies, the fair sex prevailed. Had you seen my friend's countenance, you would readily have believed him when he averred, that to have escaped, he would gladly have agreed to dress thrice each of his remnant days. I shall not trouble you further—and permit me, madam, to subscribe myself,

Your most obedient servant,

RICHARD ORUM.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

REMARKS ON QUARANTINES,

SUGGESTED BY DR. CALDWELL'S ORATION.

(Continued from p. 348.)

The corn weevil is well known to most farmers from the devastations it often makes in their granaries. The larva of these insects find means, while very small, to introduce themselves into the grains of corn, which they afterwards make their abode, in which, as they lie concealed, it is difficult to discover them. As they live upon, they necessarily destroy the farinaceous part of the grain, and often ruin whole granaries. It has been asserted that if, in the month of June, ant-hills are brought in bags, and placed in the graneries infested by these destroyers, the ants will immediately attack, and in a short time, completely remove them. No wiser way could be adopted than to find out the enemy of our enemies, and to profit by the assidui-

ties of the former, in freeing us from the importunities of the latter.

The capricorn beetles are named, by Linnæus, cerambyx. They are derived from a worm which is found in the interiour parts of trees. The grub principally feeds on fir timber which has been felled some time, without having had the bark stripped off; but it is often found on other wood. The circumstance of this destructive little animal attacking only such timber as has not been stripped of its bark, ought to be attended to by all persons having any concern in this article; for the bark is a temptation, not only to this, but to various other insects, and much of the injury done to timber might be prevented, if the trees were all barked as soon as they were felled.

The female is furnished with a flat, retractile tube. This she inserts between the bark and the wood, to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, and there deposites a single egg. By stripping of the bark, it is easy to trace the whole progress of the larva, from the spot where it is hatched to that where it attains its full size.

The worm first proceeds in a serpentine direction, filling the space which it leaves with a substance it emits, resembling sawdust, and thus stopping all ingress to enemies from without. When it has arrived at its utmost dimensions, it does not confine itself to one direction, but works in a kind of labyrinth, eating backwards and forwards, which gives the wood under the bark a very irregular surface: by this means, its paths are rendered of considerable width. The bed of its path, when closely examined, exhibits a curious appearance, occasioned by the erosions of its jaws, which excavate an infinity of little ramified canals. When the insect is about to assume its chrysalis state, it bores down obliquely into the solid wood, to the depth sometimes of three inches, and seldom, if ever, less than two. These holes are nearly semicylindrical expressing exactly the form of the grub.

At first sight, one must wonder how so small, and seemingly, so weak an animal could have strength to excavate so deep a mine; but when we examine its jaws, our wonder ceases; these are large, thick and solid sections of a cone divided longitudinally, which in the act of mastication apply to each other the whole of their interiour plane surface, so that they grind their food, like a pair of mill-stones.

The nut weevil is produced from a white grub that we often find living in the interiour of the hazelnut. The history of its growth and changes is curious; and exhibits a striking proof of the care that has been taken to promote the comfort and convenience of the whole of even those diminutive tribes.

The caterpillar or grub proceeds from a very small brown egg that the parent insect deposites in the outside of the nut, at a

time when it is very soft and tender. When the heat of the season has perfected the little caterpillar, it eats its way out of the egg, and through the shell into the nut, *without in the least injuring the external appearance of the nut.* Its chief food is now the coat of the nut, or that part which afterwards hardens into the shell; and continues to feed on this and the pulp till such time as the one becomes too hard, and the other too dry for its sustenance. It then begins on the kernel, which is now grown so large as to afford it support: and it is to be remarked that this is a most providential instinct, for had it commenced with the kernel when this was small, the future provision necessary to be reserved for its more advanced growth, would have been destroyed. While feeding, it constantly attends to the hole by which it entered, gnawing the sides so as to make them very round and smooth, for this not only allows it sufficient air, but is also the passage through which, when it is full grown, it makes its way out.

The operations of the wood piercer, or apis maxillosa, well merit attention. These bees are larger than the queen of the honey bee. In the spring, they frequent gardens and search for rotten, or at least dead wood, in order to make a habitation for their young. They usually chuse the decaying uprights of arbours, posts, or the props of vines; but will sometimes attack garden seats, thick doors and window shutters.

When the female of this species, for she receives no assistance from the male, has selected a piece of wood suited to her purpose, which is most commonly such as is perpendicular to the horizon, she begins her work by boring perpendicularly into it. When she has advanced about half an inch, she changes her direction, and then proceeds nearly parallel with its sides for twelve or fifteen inches, making the hollow about half an inch in diameter. If the wood is sufficiently thick, she sometimes forms three or four holes, a labour which, for so small an insect, seems prodigious, but in executing it, some weeks are often employed. The strong jaws of this little animal are the only instruments she employs in these operations. After the holes are prepared, they are divided into ten or twelve separate apartments, each about an inch deep, the roof of one serving for the bottom of another. In these cells she deposites her eggs, having first provided appropriate food for the worms which are to escape from them, and there they undergo their several changes, until they abandon their habitations in the state of perfect insects, that is, until they have assumed the figure of the parents from which they originated.

The bostrichus tribe of beetles is very small, voracious and prolific; and are very destructive in woods, attacking every kind of tree, generally those that are decayed, but sometimes such as are otherwise in a healthy state; they make those deep

and irregular channels so often observable in the bark and the wood. That species of beetle called lady bird, and indeed, many others of the same family, well merit our notice as possessing the singular virtue of giving immediate and effectual relief in the most violent tooth-ache, by rubbing them between the finger and thumb, and applying the finger to the affected tooth. This is asserted on the best authority, it must therefore be an useful employment to search for, and to procure their aid to the numerous sufferers in this country who are so much afflicted with that excrutiating malady.

The larva of the lymexelon beetle reside in the interiour of, and do much injury to trees; they languish under their depredations, and finally perish. It must be unnecessary further to multiply examples. The destruction of the vegetable kingdom, by insects attacking the different parts of every product of the earth, is so much an object of universal observation, that no proofs of its existence can be required. But as no comparison has yet been made between the diseases of vegetables and animals, nor any conclusions been formed that the causes of decay in both must be as similar, as are the principles of life on which both depend, in adducing a few of the more striking facts which are referable to the former, we shall be prepared to trace the resemblances which exist in what relates to the latter.

I cannot introduce my reader to an acquaintance with the race of animals to which I am desirous of soliciting his attention, in terms more adequate to my purpose than in those of Thomas Marsham, Esq. secretary to the Linnean Society, in the 3d vol. of their Transactions, p. 23.

"Throughout the whole system of animal œconomy, there is not, perhaps, a more striking and distinguished feature than the attention, care and foresight of every parent animal for the protection aad preservation of its young. It is a property which pervades every class of animals, and is equally manifest in the most ferocious and the most timid, the largest and the most minute. The methods employed by each class and order differ as much as the animals themselves, In the higher order of beings, which are vivivapirous, not to mention the human race, we find this care extended to a considerable time after the birth of the young, as in quadrupeds, who nourish their little ones with a delicate nutricious fluid, copiously supplied by nature from their own bodies, and with an anxiety and care evidently apparent to common observers, until they are able to provide for themselves. The feathered tribes, which are oviparous, furnish an extraordinary instance of fortitude and patience during the tedious time of incubation, and of labour and unwearied diligence, in search of food, after the young are hatched. As we descend to the lower orders, which are in general ovipirous, we may readily discern strong marks of sagacity or instinct. Reptiles and fish

display great penetration in the mode and situation in which they deposite their eggs and spawn; but to the eyes of the penetrating naturalist, this care and attention will appear more artfully employed, and more eminently conspicuous in those minute beings called insects, who, although on a cursory view, they seem to contradict the general remark, by never living to assist their future offspring, yet, to an attentive observer, exhibit a system of ingenuity and contrivance, scarcely to be credited, in searching out, and determining a proper place for depositing their eggs, not only in safety from their numerous enemies, but also in situations where a sufficient quantity of food is on the spot, to support and nourish the larva, immediately on its breaking the shell: and so securely and so successfully is this generally done, that it not only eludes the inquisitive and prying eye of man, and is impenetrable to large animals, but even defies the combined power of the elements. For so artful and sagacious do these minute beings appear in all their operations, and so admirably are they furnished with instruments peculiar to each species, that one would think it impossible for any accident to hurt or destroy them. Yet such is the divine law of order established by the Omniscient Creator, that no animal, however minute, is permitted to increase beyond the bounds prescribed. And it is, therefore, wisely ordained, that the cunning, sagacity, or instinct of one insect shall counteract and render futile, the skill and labour of another, so that the artful preservation of one kind, tends to the entire ruin and destruction of its neighbour, by which means, an equilibrium is preserved, and no one species preponderates. Those eggs which are placed on the different parts of vegetables, are more readily discerned. These, when hatched, are visible, and their growth and wonderful operations may be seen and examined; but those who deposite their eggs in holes and crevices, in the bodies of animals and even of insects themselves, are hatched, live, and come to perfection before they are visible, and we acquire at last, only an imperfect knowledge of them.

The genus of insects, called ichneumon, are, if I may be allowed the expression, parasitical; that is, derive their support and nourishment from other animals, some depositing their eggs in different parts of the bodies of the former, and also of the latter, some in larva, others again in the pupa, and some even in the ovum or egg itself, the contents of which, minute as they are, are sufficient to support the young larvœ, until their destined change. Some deposite only one egg in a place, as the ichneumon ovulorum, and others in great number, as the ichneumon puparum. However placed, the destruction of the foster parent is inevitable. The larvœ of large moths or butterflies that have been wounded by an ichneumon, live and feed, *though with evident marks of disease*, until these parasites are full fed, and have arrived at their term of change.....*(To be Continued.)*

POLITICAL.

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FOR THE OBSERVER.

A word upon the official reports of the Russians, English and French.

Comparing the 58th French bulletin, with the report of the Russian general, Beningsen, of the battle of *Eylau*, one would be tempted to believe, it was only a translation of the same report made in two different languages, but dictated by the same cabinet.

Each side asserts, that its adversaries had completely lost the battle. Each boasts of having taken as many standards and colours, as would furnish the hangings of a Hotel as spacious, for instance, as the *Indian Queen*.

General Beningsen says, he has 20 French eagles.

Bonaparte pretends, he has taken 28 stand of colours, and lost only *one*.

Beningsen says, he killed 30,000 French, but that he lost 12,000 of his own men.

Bonaparte has lost but 1900 *exactly* Here, however, he falls short of the Russian report, for he believes he only put 7000 Russians to the sword. This modesty confounds me!

Beningsen says, that he wounded 12,000 French, but that he had 7,900 wounded.

Bonaparte only acknowledges 7,500 on his side, and supposes he has disabled from 12 to 15,000 Russians.

Each took from the other 45 pieces of cannon. It is astonishing, indeed, how *exact* this is again!

The Russians and the English pretend, that there remained only sixteen of Bonaparte's guard; but Bonaparte pretends that it was not even necessary that the infantry of his guards should advance, and that, consequently, they had no active part in the battle.

The Russians say, they have taken only 2000 French prisoners; but Bonaparte has not counted less than 12 or 15,000 Russian prisoners.

Beningsen announces the retreat, or rather the flight, in dismay and confusion, of the whole French army; already the English believed them repulsed as far as Dresden, or, perhaps, Strasbourg; but the 16th of March, more than a month after this fine game of chess took place, the head-quarters of the Russians were still at Konigsberg, and those of the French at Osterode, just as if they had never met, nor rendered each other the smallest civilities.

Bonaparte says, that by this victory, his *expedition* is *terminated*; that the enemy is beaten and repulsed a hundred leagues beyond the Vistula, behind the Pregel, and in proof of this, he sends his august companion to dine in great state at Paris.

Who can resist such proofs?

According to the English papers, a fifth of the French army, that is to say, at least 100,000 men, were dying of the *Plica polonica*, whilst the hair of the reader stands on end, at the mere accounts of this horrible disease. But nothing of this has been seen in Beningsen's own reports. He simply says, that the French had a great many sick.

But Bonaparte congratulates himself on the fine weather, and the complaisance of the winter, and the good health of his troops, whilst he affirms that the enemies' army is ruined by disease.

The English too, had first asserted, that the imperial guard had refused to march; that two French divisions had blown out their own brains; and that a complete reserve of *grenadiers* had laid down their arms. Then they say elsewhere, that no quarter had been given on either side, and that no one had either *asked* or *obtained* it.

But Bonaparte has intercepted (says he) letters of Russian officers who loudly complain, and also speak of the discontent of their army, in very energetic terms.

There is no more said, either about the arrestation of general Duroc, nor the tumults which agitated Bonaparte's court.

In short, the decisive defeat of the French at *Eylau*, seems at a distance, singularly to resemble the complete victory which the Russians and the Austrians had also gained over the French at Austerlitz, the details of which the English ambassador, then residing at Olmutz, had so faithfully sent express to his court.

On the other hand Bonaparte does not announce the death of general Corbineau, he only says that he was *enlévé par un boulet*, (carried off by a bullet.) This is certainly much less tragical than to confess he was *killed*. Besides it is quite a Parnassian image. We paint to ourselves much more agreeably this general, arriving post haste at Olympus on his bullet to receive the honors of Apotheosis, than we should figure him, to our imagination limping along the gloomy shore of the Styx, holding his paunch in his two hands, and entreating the surly Charon, to ferry him over to *the friture eternelle !*

But the generallissimo Beningsen, will no more yield in Gasconade than in valour to the French generallisimo; for I understand, in one of his last reports, he officially informs the public, *that he is on the point* of cutting the French army in pieces.... *Amici teneatis risum !*

Oh! my friends, can you restrain your smiles?

DEMOCRITUS.

For the Observer.

On Monday the 1st inst. there was a convention of the medical faculty of this state, according to biennial appointment. It was very respectably attended, especially by the country practi-

tioners, and many useful regulations were adopted. The public business was finished on Wednesday evening, and the examination of candidates commenced on Thursday morning. Thirteen were passed, with the fullest approbation of the board, consisting of seven members. This duty was performed with strictness, and perfect impartiality, as it was the study of the board to do ample justice to the candidates and to society. During this examination, talents were exhibited much, very much, superiour to what is generally experienced: it would not be an exuberance of language to declare that, in some instances, the attainments were splendid. The display of abilities on this occasion affords an assurance, that the day is not far distant, when the medical faculty of Maryland will not yield, in eminence, to any state in the union. These are some of the happy consequences of a law which was enacted with reluctance, and continues to give so much cause of apprehension to many, that it is deemed hazardous to make any further appeal to the legislature to remedy defects, lest the opportunity should be seized to annul an act which must, when its salutary effects become fully known, secure conviction of its great and extensive utility. Perhaps such an appeal might be premature before the benefits of the institution were more fully ascertained; when they are, it cannot be doubted that those who are appointed the guardians of the public weal will give the requisite attention to what so nearly concerns the public interest.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

FINE ARTS.

In speaking of Mr. Nenninger's musical talents, we accused our country of *vandalism* with regard to the elegant arts... Yes, of vandalism, and we again repeat the accusation...for in reply to the argument published against this by one of our fellow journalists, we will observe, that the number of tickets disposed of (which by the bye were not sufficient to double the expences of the concert) prove nothing against our previous, observations. For it is only in assiduously attending these schools of music, that is to say, concerts, that we can learn to *judge* of this heavenly art, appreciate the merit of excelling in it, and furnish support to musicians...it is not a concert, favoured by the whim of the day, that can entitle us to pretend to be *connoisseurs* and *patrons of the arts*.

We will add, that we were not a little amused with the indignation which fired some artists in stay tape and buckram, and manufacturers of leather and tallow, at the incongruity we committed, in exclaiming against the *vandalism* of classing an eminent musician amongst MECHANICS.

With all due respect and esteem for merit, in whatever avoca-

tion it may be found, and duly appreciating the utility of those who profess the useful arts, we must, nevertheless, observe, that Apollo is somewhat aristocratic, and does not admit of perfect equality in his court.

We would not smile at the errours of our neighbours, especially, when they sin without malice; but we would just ask those who have cultivated the first elements of letters, that is to say, who have learned to READ, if ever the word and the quality of artist, were synonymous with that of *artizan* or *mechanic*? We hope that this question, if not yet sufficiently determined, will form a subject of discussion for one of our academic schools, who sometimes, as is well known, agitate questions so profound!! We regret, however, to announce to these levellers, who would place in the same rank, the engineer with the labourer who carries the mortar, and the poet with the manufacturer of the paper on which he writes the productions of his genius, that in Parnassus, this equality, which can only reign in taverns on electioneering days, but at no other time, does not exist—the Muses are rather saucy, and do not admit *workmen* to their levees.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

Mr. Nenninger's concert took place on Thursday; but it is impossible for us to publish to-day, an article we intended to devote to this, and some other objects in connexion with it. On Saturday we will submit some reflections to the public, on the state of the arts amongst us; we will confine ourselves to observing, that the execution of this concert fully answered the expectation of connoisseurs, by the union of rare and delightful talents which were displayed, and received the applauses so justly their due.

VARIETY.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

The name of Malesherbes, who shone like a meteor of virtue and integrity, during the horrible period of the French revolution, will be long cherished in the memory of the upright and the good, in every civilized state; his ardent and noble friendship for the unfortunate Louis the XVI. will endear his remembrance, to all those who feel the miseries of the human race. He had devoted a long life to promoting the interests of his country, and was alike esteemed as a private citizen, and honoured in the public officers of state which he held. But he fell a victim to the crimes of the vilest of beings, and with him, suffered his daughter and grand daughter.

The following anecdote, displays an excellent trait in his character; it occurred whilst he was on his travels:—

"In going to view a fort built by the Romans, he was caught in a tremendous storm, and endeavoured to regain the little village, where he had halted the evening before; but being obliged to cross a wood of considerable extent, he mistook the road and went completely astray in a forest unknown to him; at last he made his way out of it; and, in a plain, discovered a village, toward which he directed his steps, and where he arrived wet to his skin.

"He there requested to be shewn to the parsonage; paid his compliments to the vicar, and begged a lodging for the night: "I am rather suspicious of your gentry who go astray," replied the doctor, with an inhospitable air. "I have some such here every day, and am not quite fool enough to be their dupe: if notwithstanding, you choose to pass the night in my barn, I shall go and have it opened for you; that is the only apartment I can give you."

Malesherbes, who, unluckily had forgot that day to supply himself with money, readily closed with the vicar's offer; he laid himself down on fresh straw; and often declared that he never enjoyed a better night's rest.

"As soon as he beheld the first rays of the morning, he sallied from his bed-chamber; and, by asking questions, once more got back to the place where his carriage waited for him.

"Immediately on reaching the next post-town, he wrote the following letter to the clergyman, who had received him with so much kindness: "M. de Lamoignon Malesherbes requests the Vicar of ****, to accept his most sincere thanks for the shelter he was so obliging as to afford him. M. de Malesherbes will never forget the doctor's hospitality: and, as a testimony of his gratitude, has asked the minister who disposes of all ecclesiastical benefits, to bestow on him the first vacant *canonry*, without a doubt of his demand being attended to."

"Malesherbes kept his word, and the pastor received the reward of a good action which he had *not* done!"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. Orum has really given the bucks a dressing...certainly some of them will defend their cause.

We received the story of Adelaide from a friend, for whose trouble, in having gone through the lengthy translation, we cannot be too grateful: but we must, nevertheless, observe, that had we seen it altogether, we must, at once, have declined its publication. To go on with it, is impossible...its tendency can only be to excite those passions, the evils of which it would deprecate; but it is too glowing, too impure, to be presented by a female, to the chaste eye of female modesty. There are indelicacies which compensate in their effect, for the momentary blush they may excite. Such, for instance, are some of the strong pictures of

Swift, which must accomplish the desired end, by exciting in the mind the most horrible disgust of the faults he would correct, and thus the end sanctions the means ; but, from the perusal of this little tale, no good can possibly arise. We have proceeded with it even further than propriety would justify already...for, would it be believed ! whilst some extracts we have made, from the most valuable works, are passed by, this love-tale excites the liveliest interest, and when its publication has been suspended for a week, the office door has not stood still a moment, for the constant, the continual enquiries that were made, to know when it would be continued, and to urge its speedy publication...but the gratification of such readers, must yield to our sense of right. Mistress Beatrice cannot consent, that through her means, manners or morals should receive the slightest attaint.

" Better be a mechanic, a builder, a mason, if such is your talent, a workman of character in some necessary art or trade, than an ordinary writer, or a common maker of verses."..... Boileau, A. P.

Would to Heaven, some of our trotting, limping, bouncing sons of Parnassus, would ponder well, this sage maxim of the satirist. Now, gentle reader, list...we have culled some morceaux from our trash bag...peruse and marvel...here comes Eccentricus " exuberantly gay."

Now, Pegasus, " ambles withal."

And, here is Leander...hard must be that heart, that can resist this *lofty rhyme*...as a first symptom of pity for the conquered swain, we recommend " *the lovely Goddess of the loves,*" to present her Poet with a horn book, that he at least, may learn to spell his numbers.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Observerr

TO MISS E. M. OF GEORGE-TOWN.

Come, gentle nymph, inspire my am'rous lay,
To paint those charms, exuberantly gay,
Through which you have been made, by nature's hand,
The fairest flower in our native land.
Wherever fancy leads, your flutt'ring pace,
Attended by the most enchanting grace,
You scatter the delicious draughts of love,
With the coy mildness of the turtle dove.
Why will you wound with such unerring aim,
To raise our hopes, and still our hearts to maim?
Oh ! cruel fair one, cease those wily arts,
By which you mollify the flintiest hearts.
Cease to exert those Heavenly azure eyes,
The melting youth beholds them and he dies.

Those coral lips, with honey'd accents glow,
Those swelling globes, as white as Alpine snow.
Those taper arms and those fair lily hands,
Expos'd that neck of alabaster stands,
That face bedeck'd in variegated hue,
Ah hide ! Ah hide them ! from all mortal view.
A thousand victims you have bound in chains,
And hell itself, inflicts no fiercer pains.
The youth who gazes, cannot but adore,
And never after can his mind restore.
To that full peace, which you alas ! destroy,
Who view his writhings with triumphant joy.
Let not your tongue in warbled music roll,
To melt the heart and dulcify the soul,
A heart of adamant, incas'd in steel,
Would the full force of your bright glories feel.
Of all the works of nature's bounteous hand,
To captivate, direct and to command,
None can in excellence, pretend to vie
With thee ; fair charmer of the *upper sky*.
Who can contemplate such a group of charms,
And not become a captive to your arms?
Oh! throw your deadly darts far, far away,
Or let your batt'ry innocently play.
Permit your killing eyes in peace to rest,
Nor let them agitate the youthful breast.
Let our poor bleeding hearts their ease regain
And rescue us, from self enduring pain.

ECCENTRICUS.

FOR THE OBSERVER.

ADDRESSED TO MISS E. A. B. J*****S OF ANNAPOLIS.

Cou'd I in loftiness of rhyme express,
Thy charms, fair maid, who does my heart possess ;
Or cou'd I your heavenly form describe,
With graceful ease adorn'd, devoid of all pride.

My fond bosom wou'd heave deep sighs of joy,
And all my verse should be in thy employ ;
But thy charms with unrivall'd lustre shine,
And far surpass the strains of lofty rhyme.

Nature has truly each celestial grace display'd,
In forming so beauteous, so fair a maid :
For none can sure with thee in beauty vie,
So facinating is thy soft sparkling eye.

Thy cheeks of roseate hue, thy lips so red,
Have ne'er from my imagination fled ;
Thy dimples too ; more than mortal eye can bare,
Now claims still more the muses every care.

Thy ev'ry look, thy animated smile,
All hearts its enslave, as they conquer mine ;
Thy ev'ry grace, thy ev'ry feature proves
You to be, the lovely goddess of the loves.

LEANDER.